THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

By RUPERT HUGHES

ames or such things. You had only by her mother. led up the accordion-pleated doors, not the rofa back against the wall and a rug over the register.

penight she had "thrown the dining

resight the control of the control o est, depositing him or her in a small a complicated wood-pile on the floor, bit complicated wood-pile on the floor.

Less dramatic, but even droiler, was the realing spectacle of the selemn man specified a room carrying one of these took, neatly folded, proceeded to a case most and there attempted value. seek, neatly folded, proceeded to a close spot and there attempted valinly nopen the thing. This was pretty sure a sappen at least once, and it gave an resistibly light touch even to funerals. Tenight at Mrs. Shillaber's the evening sight he said to be well under way; fat Mr. Gegat had already splashed through it camp stoel and Deacon Peavey was now at work on his; a snicker had just needed out of the minister's wife (of all needel) and the deacon himself had oplet) and the deacon himself had athed an expletive dangerously close

the party was held in honor of Mrs. Shillaber's girlhood triend, Birdaline Nickerson (now Mrs. Phineas Duddy). Birdaline and Mrs. Shillaber (then Josie Barlow) had been flerce rivals for the lare of Asaph Shillaber, Josie had Sot Breathern and Birdaline and bre of Asaph Shillaber. Joste had got him away from Birdaline and Birdaline had married Phin Duddy for spite. Lock had smiled on Birdaline, and Phin had moved away—to Peoria, no less! And now they were back on a visit to his

Peeris had done wenders for Phin. greybody said that; and Birdaline also brought along a grown-up daughter, Pa-sh, who was evidently beautiful and, scording to her mother, a highly ac-

It seemed strange to Birdaline and It seemed strange to Birdaline and less to meet after all these years and the jealous, not of each other, but of daughters as hig as they themselves had been the last time they had seen each other. Each woman told the other that the looked younger than ever, and each taw the pillage of time in the opposite with pillage of time in the eccent pillage of the result but little, since his hands were incessantly compelled to clutch the incessantly deciduous music and slap it back on the rack.

Two stanzas had thus been punctuated before a sky old maid named Deborah

caughter to sing. And the girl, being of the new and rather startling school of blushingly consented, provided there was any music there that she could the and some one who would play her urging.

A fattered copy of "The Last Rose of Summer" was unearthed, and Mr. Norman Maugans, who played the melodeon meabed into essaying the accompa ment. He was no great shucks at sight-reading. be said, but he would do his durndest. The news that the pretty and novel greats for and in a huddle like cattle at boms-coming time. Even Deacon Peaveygave up his vow to open that camp stool or die and sat down in a draught to lis-tes. The perspiration cooled on him and he taught a terrible cold-but that was

Mrs. Peavey's business, not ours.

Miss Pamela Duddy sidled into the elhow of the piano with a most attractive bitmishness and waited for the prelude to be done. This required some time, tace the ancient sheet music had a diswere, swooning from the rack into the faints arms. Besides, Mr. Mangans was so used to playing the melodeon that maked of tapping the keys he was constitued by the faints and the climate.

There was nardly a dry eye or a proposed fines about that?"

There was nardly a dry eye or a proposed fines about that?"

Deborah perked an anxious ear to hear how Josie would accept this rivalry, and among the applauding auditors. She justice a mawer fell into her ear like points.

s MRS SHILLABER often said, the his volume of tone he would hold his June's bud. The softened mood of Birdalands still and slowly open his kness line and the tears that bedewed her against swell-levers that were not there. This earness futflity gave so much healty she had had to emphasize how are poon into the holder" when you are poon into the holder when you had been a futflit and the had had to emphasize how much she had had to emphasize how much she had had. ned to give parties or funerals or that she had to be eyed out of the room

> away its potals one by one and at the end fer daughter had sung fer the shredded core fall upon the highly improbable roses were in Josie's attar of regret in the air. They had been awarden Wilton course. American Wilton carpets

American Willon carpet.

The girl's features and her attitudes were sheer Grecian; her accent was the purest Poorla. Now and their she remembered to insert an Italian "a," but she forms to suppress the Italian "r," which is exactly the same as that of Italian is exactly the same as that of Italian is the form that it is context or prestige. Her fresh, uncultivated voice was less faithful to the key than to her avonisite. faithful to the key than to her exquisite threat. To that same exquisite threat clung one fascinated eye of Mr. Maugans,



Two stanzas had thus been punctuated before a shy old maid named Deborah Larrabee ventured to rise and stand at the plano, supporting the music. This compelled her to a closer proximity to a nice young man than she had known for so many years that she almost outblushed the young girl.

Deborah was afraid to look at anybody, yet when she cast her eyes downward she had to watch these emotional knees of the Presbyterian prayer meetings, was Mr. Maugans slowly parting in the crescendo that never came.

But the audience was friendly, and the composer and the poet were too dead to gyrate in the distant graves. The song therefore had unmitigated success and the words were so familiar that everybody knew pretty well what Pamela was driving at when she sang:

Tis thin lab ha-ha strow not sum-man Le-eff bloo-co-hoo mining sh-lone. Aw fur lu-th-th vice come pan-yun Zub-har fayag-yay dud aind gawa-n-h-n. No-wee flow-warr rot ber kinnn-drud. No-wee flow-warr rot ber kinnn-drud. No-wee ro-hose buh dis ni-eye-tye-eye-eye-eye. To re-flo-ch-eef bah-curbit-shunz. Aw-hor gi-yl-hiv su-high for su-high!

inually squeezing them, and nothing looked like the wrecked last September's sonmme. And when he wished to increase rose of which her daughter was the next

And Josie, her quendam rival in the by her mother.

Miss l'amela bent her pretty hend and took from her juvenile breast one hig red from and noin if he hands while she sand. During the final starga she plucked sand. Our her hands while she sand took from any seasons and told her how well sand.

> beautiful in their days and ways, and now felt like the dismantled rose on the floor. The common tragedy of beauty beinted and foredone saddened everybody in the room; the old women had experionced it; the young women foresaw it; the men know it as the destruction of the beauties they loved or had loved. Everybody was sad but Deborah Larra-

> That homely little spinster slipped Im putently into the elbow of the piano, into the place still warm from the presence of Pamela, and she railed at the serrow of her schoolmates, Jose and Birdaline. Her voice was as sharp as the old plane

> "That song's all wrong, seems to me sirls. Pretty toon and nice words, but I can't make out why everybody feels sorry for the last rose of summer. It's the luckient rose in the world. The rest of 'em have bloomed too soon or just when all the other roses are blooming, or when people are sort of tired of roses. But this one is saved up till the last. And then when the garden is all dying out and the bushes are just dead stalks and the other roses are wilted and brown, and folks say 'I'd give anything for the sight of a rose, along comes this rose and-blooms alone! Seems to me it has the laugh on all the rest."

> This heresy had the usual success of attacks on sacred texts; the orthodox paid no heed to the value of the argument; they simply resented its impu-dence. But all they said to Deborah was an indulgent, "That's so, Debby," and a polite, "I never though of that."

As Deborah turned away triumphant to epent what she had just said to Mr. Maugans she overheard Birdaline murnur to Jesie in a kinship of contempt, And Josie consented, "She can't under-

itand! She never was a rose." slipped a knife under Deborah's left shoulder blade and pushed it into her heart. She felt a mortal wound. She clung to the piano and remembered some-thing she had overheard Josie say in exactly that tone far back in that prime-

aweetless a 16 as a girl ever endured. On that memorable night Birdaline had given a party and Deborah had gone. No fellow had taken her; but then Birdaline lived just across the street from Deborah, and Debby could run right over unnoticed and run home alone safely afterward. Debby was safe anywhere where it was not too dark to see her. Her face was her chaperone.

Asaph Shillaber took Josie to Birdaline's party that night, and he danced three times with Debby. Each time-as she knew and pretended not to know-he had come to her because of a mix-up in his program, or because she was the only girl left without a partner. But a dance was

a dance, and Asaph was awful light on his feet, for all he was so big. After she had danced the third time with him he led her hastily to a chair against the stairway—deposited her like mind his desertion, but sat panting with the breathlessness of the dance and with the joy of having been in Asaph's arms. Then she heard low voices on the stairway, voices back of her, just above her head. She knew them perfectly. Josie was attacking Asaph because he had danced three times with Birdaline.

"But she's the hostess!" Asaph had re-orted. "Besides, I danced with Deb Larrabee three times, too. Why don't you

CONTINUED TOMORROW

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

has said, "Be sure you're right, then rectly. go ahead."

SURE you know what the question bow Club pledge. means before you start to answer it. Read the pledge carefully. Sign it Save time, for time is money.

If you are a member of Farmer

If you are not a member of our I want to talk to you about your club, join today and be sure you follow letters. I want you to read over every directions. You must agree to do tentence after you have written it. | something in order to get your button. Read the questions we ask and be That something is to sign the Rain-

> and try to live up to it. FARMER SMITH.

Smith's Rainbow Club, remember one | Children's Editor, Evening Ledger.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

With Our Little Authors Dear Children-Some great man | of our first objects is to think cor-

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY.

SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. Name Address

GREAT DOINGS IN TOYLAND

School I attend.....

"Whatsermatter?" asked Gum Drop, Santa Claus' "handy man," as he w Presto and Spark Plug running downstairs.

"Pull the sneeze box!" shouted Presto to Gum Drop. Gum Drop ran upstairs to the next floor, and, opening a red box, pulled

down a little hook. In a few minutes there was such a clatter! Everybody was running hither and thither. Bells were ringing, and

there was such a commotion.

Santa Claus was going to sneeze! Every time the jolly old fellow wanted to sneeze some one had to give the sarm from a "sneeze box," and an hour after that Santa Claus would sneeze. The day we are speaking about he told Miss B. Fuddle he was going to neeze, and that started all the racket. One hour afterward he was busy dictating when Miss B. Fuddle said: "I thought you were going to sneeze!" "I forgot all about it," laughed Santa Claus. Then Miss B. Fuddle went to the little red box on the wall and pulled the hook, which was the signal that

the sneeze was over. When the bell rang the Tiny Tingles in Santa Claus' Toy Factory all took

their fingers out of their ears.

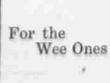
"Pm glad it's all over," said Miss Belinda Sniggle Fritz.
"Waşn't it AWFUL?" said Johnnie Thingermabob.

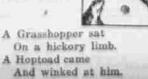
Do You Know This?

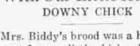
1. What sentence can you form rem this name, FLORENCE NIGHT-INGALE? (Five credits.) 2. What is there that contains holes gredits.) may hold water? (Three

a If there are 11 birds on a tree and a man shoots five how many birds will remain? (Three credits.)

What does a farmer raise in alay weather! (Three credits.)







Mrs. Biddy's brood was a happy one, except for one little chick, whose name was Downy Chick. He liked to disobey his mother and go to forbidden places. She scolded him to no avail. One day he wandered across the sand bank, and there a big eagle swooped down and picked him up. Dear! he was scared. The big bird was scared, too, because Downy Chick was the first little chicken she had ever held in her claws. She let Downy slip from her claws, and he fell straight down on a thorny bush. His mother found him and fixed his bruises, but the wounds that he had received made him resolve never to disobey again.

WINIFRED QUIRK, Addison street.

Our Postoffice Box

George Tanguay is an active member of the Wampum Squad. Of course, you all know the Wampum is the "make money" squad, and that is



GEO. TANGUAY. Arch Street.

is doing, making money. He says, "I make my money by selling papers. I put all away, except just enough for the next day's papers." This isn't all George does; just at present he

is collecting toys and books for those who haven't any. I'd like to shake hands with this little man, wouldn't you?

Nicholas Pele, of Hicks street, writes to say that his little family would like to see the Rainbow Club's Santa Claus for a few minutes on Christmas morning. There are four members in Nicholas' family. Santa acknowledges the invitation and hopes to meet them all at the stated time. He also says that he will see William and Henry Duffenbeck, of Glenmore avenue, right after he leaves Nicholas'

What a lot of letters we do get from New Jersey! Some mornings it seems as though Camden must be quite as large as Philadelphia. Write on, little friends across the water, we love to hear from you!





'Their Master's Voice" record of the Kaiser's famous adaptation of the American poem (as applied to the Cro wn Prince)-I wish I'd raised my boy to be a soldler.



The man who realizes that there is comething funny about just missing the train.



Mackins — That brute, McCadden, threatens to kick me next time we meet. What shall I do? Squeekens-Sit down every time you see him coming.

THE HUMAN COMEDY



These Men Never Got Their Jobs on Their Looks, That's Sure

WILLIAMS





-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



THE PADDED CELL



A Plain Poppy

"I heard Mabel say when she was engaged that she had selected the very flower of her admirers. I wonder what particular one she likened him to?"

"Well, when they were first married she considered him the very pink of perfection, but now that the baby has put his nose out of joint he's just a plain poppy." -Baltimore American.

Quite Capable

Mistress (to new servant whom she is interviewing) - You quite understand, of course, that I never give any assistance? I really need a very capable person who can do everything

herself. Bridget-Begorrah, mum, and I know what ye're afther. Sure, mum, in me last place I dusted, washed. mangled and cooked meself!

THE "IMPRESSIONISTS" AT AN ART SHOW



Terrible effect of pictures on a too-impressionable visitor to the galleries.

Flickering Lights





Penn Punch Bowl THE BLACKMAILER.



Hailway Guard-Ers y'are, sir: Rumby, sir! -- London Opinion, Old Cleationson All right, dear! get the youngsters their breakfasts. I'll be